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Marion Strobel

I WOULD PRETEND

Now that between us there is nothing more
To say, I would have loud and foolish speech
With you, I would pretend I still adore
Your voice: "Come, beautiful, draw near and teach
The way my hands should go in a caress—
Should fingers trail as pink feet of a crane
That skim the water?—or should fingers press
Their weight heavily?" Draw near me again—
What does it matter if the words you say
Are lies, if they be sweet to listen to?
Your lips are quite as cruel, quite as gay
As ever; and your eyes are honest blue. . . .
Oh, be sublimely false (who are not true)—
And I'll pretend I love you . . . as I do!

ADMONITION

Come quietly, without a word—
I am so tired of the things I've heard.
I am so tired of words that tear
At beauty till the branch is bare:

Of words that will not let beauty be
A sweet-clustered mystery.
As a Canterbury bell
Purse your lips, but do not tell.